Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt my Lord?

Ham. I ſir, to be honeſt as this world goes
Is to be one man pickt out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sunne breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kiſſing carrion. Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walke i'th Sun, conception is a bleſſing, But as your daughter may conceive, friend looke to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter, yet he knew me not at firſt, a ſaid I was a fiſh-monger, a is far gone; and truly in my youth I ſuffered much extremity for love, very neare this: Ile ſpeake to him againe. What doe you read my Lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter my Lord?

Ham. Betweene who?

Pol. I meane the matter that you read my Lord:

Ham. Slanders ſir: for the Satyricall Rogue ſaies here, that old men have gray beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thicke Amber, and Plum-tree Gum, and that they have a plentifull lacke of wit, together with moſt weake hams, all which ſir though I moſt powerfully and potently beleeve, yet I hold it not honeſtie to have it thus ſet downe, for your ſelfe ſir ſhall grow old, as I am, if like a crab you could goe backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſſe, yet there is method in't, will you walke out of the aire my Lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed that's out of the aire; how pregnant ſometimes his replyes are? a happines that often madnes hits on, which reaſon and ſanctitie could not ſo happily be delivered of. I will leave him and my daughter. My Lord I will take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any thing that I will not more willingly part withall, except my life, except my life, except my life. *Enter Guildenſterne and Roſencraus.*

Pol. Fare you well my Lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fooles.

Pol. You goe to ſeeke the Lord *Hamlet*, there he is.

Roſ.